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# SITTING BULL'S MESSAGE

FROM SPIRIT LIFE. ✓

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“He being dead yet speaketh.”

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BOSTON:

1891.  
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*by Mrs. K. R. STILES.*

*Ms.*

## NOTE.

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“And I heard a voice, saying: ‘Write what the Spirit saith unto the people.’” We have written: and now send the message forth on its mission. In doing so we are well aware that its authenticity as a communication from Sitting Bull will doubtless be questioned by two classes of people.

The first to question it will probably be those who declare that there is no possibility of communication between the so-called, “two worlds;” and that, therefore, there is no such thing as modern inspiration.

Another class of critics will be found among those, who, while they concede the fact of spiritual inspiration, will say — “Sitting Bull was not a poet, and hence would not have put his message into rhyme.”

In reply to the first class of objectors to the claim of the Spirit, we shall simply state that we *know* that we are in daily communication with those who have “shuffled off the mortal coil,” and that we often come under the inspiration of their loving thoughts.

To those who may say that the Spirit could not have dictated a rythmical communication, we answer: How know you that Sitting Bull was not a poet? True, he may never have written or spoken

his thought in rhyme; yet the Indian's prose expressions are often full of the sublimest poetry.

Sitting Bull was aided in the dictation of his message by a spirit poet, who was ever a champion of human rights, and who, while in the physical form, often wielded his pen in behalf of the oppressed Indian nation.

We are told that there are two reasons why the message of the Spirit has been sent forth in this rythmical garb: one of which is that the Spirit who assisted Sitting Bull felt that it might prove more attractive, and make a deeper impression upon the minds of those who peruse it.

We are also told, that, our own nature being somewhat poetic, our brain more readily responds to rythmical measure, and hence the thoughts given by Sitting Bull could be more easily impressed when clothed in this manner.

That some good may follow from the publication of this communication, is the sincere hope of Sitting Bull's humble, yet willing scribe,

KATE R. STILES.

## SITTING BULL'S MESSAGE.

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SITTING BULL, the Chief, returneth,  
Though a Spirit, he still yearneth  
Over his beloved nation,  
Still he feeleth obligation  
Toward the Indian tribes and races;  
Therefore he unto pale faces  
Cometh, with strong words of pleading,  
Through another interceding  
For his hapless, hopeless brothers,  
For the poor, dejected mothers  
Who sit daily moaning, crying,  
With their children round them dying.  
Though his message he conveyeth  
Through another, yet he prayeth  
That the people who peruse it  
Will not scoff at, or abuse it.  
Will not say there is no merit  
In the message of a Spirit  
Through another brain transmitted.

'The Great Father hath permitted  
'Those who pass beyond Death's portals  
'To approach their fellow mortals  
And make known to them their feeling,  
'Thus comes Sitting Bull appealing,  
Sending forth his supplication  
'To the chief men of the nation,  
'To the great men in high places,  
That the Indian tribes and races  
Be accorded fairer dealing,—  
This he asks with kindly feeling,  
He for justice only, pleadeth,  
That the bread his people needeth  
To sustain them from starvation  
Be supplied them by the nation.  
From their lands have they been driven,  
And with faces shrunken, shriven,  
Have they wandered forth, unsightly,—  
Wandered daily, wandered nightly,  
Vainly seeking for protection.  
Oh! the sadness, the dejection  
Of a race thus doomed to wander.  
Sitting Bull long years did ponder  
O'er the direful situation.  
Oft he sat in contemplation,  
Through the long night watches, lonely.

In his heart was one thought only,—  
How to lift the Indian nation,  
From their woe and degradation.  
He for light was ever calling;  
Yet the darkness, so appalling,  
Sent him back no answer'g token.  
All unrifted, all unbroken,  
Did the heavy cloud hang o'er him,  
Walk beside him, move before him.  
Heavy was his heart with groaning,  
Sore became his breast from moaning,  
Sore and weary with his sighing.  
When he saw his people dying  
For the bread from them withholden,  
It did all his thought embolden,  
And within him woke the spirit  
That the red man doth inherit  
From his fathers gone before him.  
Yea, it seemed they did bend o'er him,  
And did whisper their monition—  
Urged him to demand rendition  
Of the lands and bread belonging  
To his people round him thronging.  
This he sought, through arbitration,  
To accomplish for his nation.  
But the Government, unheeding,

Listened not unto his pleading;  
Or, while listening, failed in action,  
And he gained no satisfaction.  
What remained then, O pale faces,  
For the Indian tribes and races,  
But to seek revenge in battle —  
In its dreadful din and rattle?  
Sitting Bull to white man sayeth,  
Wonder not the red man slayeth  
When he sees his people stricken,  
Sees his sons and daughters sicken,  
Sees them fainting, falling, dying,  
For the bread he is denying.  
Long the red man's blood had bounded  
With injustice, ere he sounded  
War's dread tocsin. Had white nation  
But fulfilled its obligation,  
Made for red man intervention,  
There had been no dark contention.  
With the white man lies the error  
Of the turmoil and the terror  
That hath siezed upon the nation,  
With him rests the obligation.  
Will the lesson sore be heeded?  
And will justice be conceded  
To the Indian tribes and races



By their brothers, the pale faces?  
Or will they by deeds unholy  
Still oppress the red man, lowly?  
Will he still be driven, driven,  
Naked, hungry, shrunken, shriven?  
Will the white man still pursue him,  
Taking what belongeth to him,  
Leaving him in destitution?  
Then, O pale face, restitution  
Must you make for wrongs committed,—  
Justice ne'er can be outwitted.  
Man may plot and rob his brother,  
But in one sphere or another  
He the "utmost farthing" payeth.  
'This the law of Justice sayeth.  
'This the white man's Bible teacheth,  
From this text he often preacheth.  
Sitting Bull oft heard it quoted,—  
But its spirit had not noted.  
He but listened to the letter,—  
White man doeth no whit better.  
He, too, listens to the reading,  
But gives to it little heeding.  
Speaketh Sitting Bull too boldly?  
Yet not bitterly, or coldly,  
He the word of truth declareth.

Truth is ever bold! it spareth  
None to whom it makes appealing;  
But, while wounding, it gives healing,  
Giveth ever where it taketh,  
Bindeth wheresoe'er it breaketh.  
Though his written word sharp stingeth,  
Sitting Bull no malice bringeth  
From the Hunting-grounds of Spirit.  
The quick blood he did inherit  
Floweth now more calmly, slowly;  
Therefore cometh he more lowly,  
In a spirit of contrition.  
Gone is all his proud ambition,  
Gone his bitterness and hatred,—  
All his anger hath been sated.  
From the people long departed,  
They, the wise ones, the large-hearted,  
Hath he learned a kindlier feeling,  
Therefore cometh he appealing  
For the good of every nation.  
True, with stronger obligation  
Turns he to the Indian races.  
Yet he seeth that pale faces  
Are in bondage and oppression.  
Even they have not possession  
Of the rights belonging to them,

Of the freedom that is due them.  
What shall rend the cloud asunder,  
That the nations now sit under,—  
The dark cloud, that sore oppresseth?  
Sitting Bull with pain confesseth  
That far distant seems the dawning  
Of that glad, redemption morning  
Pictured oft in ancient story,—  
Not yet seeth he its glory.  
Yet, while far the time appeareth,  
There is still one sign that cheereth:  
He beholdeth every nation  
In a state of agitation.  
This a better time presages  
For mankind in coming ages.  
Sitting Bull sees by this token  
That the yoke shall yet be broken,  
That now resteth on his nation,  
And they gain full liberation.  
It is coming, O pale faces,—  
Freedom for the Indian races!  
Though the white man's power seem stronger,  
Comes a day when he no longer  
Can misuse the Indian nation.  
Even now, with indignation  
Is his hot blood doubly heated,

And indignities repeated  
Will but make him more unruly ;  
Do not anger him unduly.  
He not easily is sated,  
Not soon is his wrath abated,  
Not soon doth he make retraction  
When he hath been roused to action.  
Sitting Bull sends forth his warning,—  
'To be met, no doubt, with scorning ;  
Such as oft to him was meted  
When for justice he entreated.  
Yet hath he no motive, other  
'Than to save his pale faced brother,  
And the Indian tribes and races,  
From the conflict that disgraces,  
And alike unto each nation  
Bringeth woe and desolation.  
Sitting Bull the "oil of healing "  
Fain would pour on wounded feeling  
Of his stricken sons and daughters,—  
Fain would calm the troubled waters  
By which they are now surrounded.  
He, with love that is unbounded,  
Saith unto them, Education  
Is your only sure salvation  
From the evils that surround you,

From the ills that long have bound you.  
Oh, then, rouse! put forth endeavor!  
To injustice grant no favor;  
But, all bitterness eschewing,  
Labor for the full undoing  
Of the ignorance of ages.  
Back of you are seers and sages,  
Back of you your long gone sires,—  
These shall help you light the fires  
Of a noble, true ambition,  
That in time shall yield fruition.  
With the fathers, gone before you,  
Are your mothers, they who bore you;  
They, their past rude life ignoring,  
Now return to you, imploring  
That you rise from degradation  
And become a noble nation.  
Urge with kindness the pale faces  
To accord you better places,  
Better lands and reservations—  
Then fulfil your obligations.  
Plough and sow, and you shall gather—  
'Tis the law of the Great Father;  
And while it remains unheeded  
Will the bread of life be needed.  
Gain that comes to him that worketh,

Cometh not to him that shirketh,  
Not to him that idly sigheth,  
But to him whose feet swift flieth  
Is the race at length accorded,  
And the golden prize awarded.  
Listen! my beloved nation,  
To the earnest exhortation  
Sitting Bull brings from your sires.  
Dance no longer round your fires,  
Thinking thus to woo the sages,  
The Messiahs of past ages!  
All your forms have no attraction  
For these souls of earnest action.  
But in every true endeavor  
Will they aid and guide you, ever.  
And, O pale face, more enlightened,  
Be not anxious, be not frightened,  
When you see the red man dancing,  
'Round his camp fires wildly prancing;  
'Tis his mode of invocation.  
White man maketh supplication  
When and wheresoe'er he chooseth,  
Yet the privilege refuseth  
To his poor, untutored brother,  
Who at present knows no other  
Way to ease his burdened feeling,

Than by this rude, wild appealing.  
Would you lift him to your station,  
Pale face, give him education :  
Not the kind that comes from preaching,  
Or from praying — but the teaching  
That results from observation.  
Give him this, O pale faced nation,  
By allowing him to enter  
Every business mart and centre  
That is open to pale faces.  
Why not he, like other races,  
Be accorded free admission,  
Come and go without permission ?  
The Great Father who created  
Red and white man hath not stated  
That the red man's claim be bounded.  
Nay ! in liberty was founded  
Life for every tribe and nation :  
Bondage bringeth degradation.  
Therefore Sitting Bull now prayeth  
That whene'er the red man strayeth  
From his lands and reservations  
Unto those of other nations,  
He be kindly met and treated —  
Kindness would in turn be meted —  
For the red man hath deep feeling,

And love maketh strong appealing  
To his nature deeply hidden.  
Should he sometimes come unbidden,  
Or with rudeness seek to enter  
The dominions where you centre  
As a great and mighty nation,  
Do not flee in consternation;  
Let him view your ways and measures,  
Look upon your arts and treasures;  
It would quicken his ambition,  
Help to change his sad condition,—  
This the teaching red<sup>e</sup> man needeth.  
Seldom is it that he readeth  
Of what goeth on around him.  
White man's laws so close have bound him,  
That he knoweth not nor heedeth  
How the world about him speedeth.  
Sitting Bull the white man heareth,  
Making answer, that he feareth  
The red man would sore abuse him,  
Were he from his bonds to loose him.  
Nay! were red man's wrongs adjusted,  
He could be as safely trusted  
As can any other nation.  
Red man feels deep obligation,  
For a kindness to him meted,



Rarely, save when illy treated  
Doth the Indian rob and plunder,  
And break white man's laws asunder.  
Give him liberty, pale faces,  
As accorded other races,  
And he would become a nation  
Purged from crime and degradation !

Sitting Bull his plea hath ended,  
Though not all by him intended  
Hath he through his scribe transmitted.  
Should his message, thus submitted  
To the people, be rejected,  
Be despised and be neglected,  
He hath filled his obligation.  
Henceforth he his loving station  
Holdeth near his people, stricken.  
He will watch by those who sicken,  
He will whisper to the dying  
Of a land where is no sighing,  
Of a land where plenty reigneth,  
Where no cold nor hunger paineth,  
Where the white man and red brother  
Dwell in peace with one another.  
Thus will he impress and guide them,  
Though they know not that beside them

Sitting Bull, their chief, still walketh,  
And that with them still he talketh.  
Though his outward form be hidden,  
He will come and go unbidden,  
Working for the elevation  
Of his poor, down-trodden nation.  
This is Sitting Bull's desire,  
'Tis his Heaven! he seeks none higher.



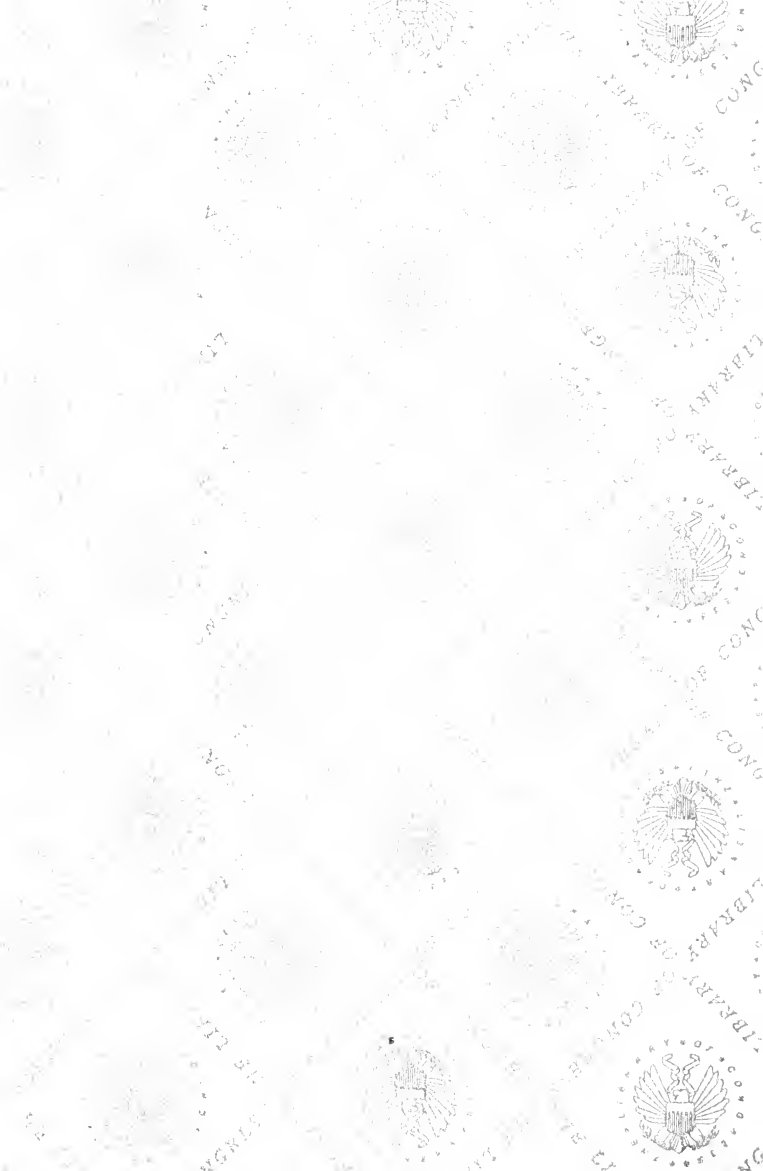


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